

OBERLIN'S FUTURE LOOKS BRIGHTER

McAleer Figuring on Him as Possible Important Asset This Year.

TRAINING STORIES HURT BOXING GAME

Report of Gamblers Setting Up Near Jeffries Disgusts Clean Sportsmen.

By THOMAS S. RICE.

If Frank Oberlin holds up his end this afternoon against the Baltimore Eastern League team in Baltimore, Manager McAleer will be one of the most tickled men in the Capital. Oberlin has been showing more of a less good form all spring and occasionally has flashed with speed and control that made him look like a big league winner. At other times he has slumped somewhat, but on the whole his work has been encouraging and McAleer has had to take him more seriously than he thought, as was the case with Doc Reising. Oberlin's main trouble has been that he could not maintain his speed consistently, but in the past week or ten days he has been going along in practice, getting plenty of smoke on the ball without having to use all of his reserve. He has been going up in the air and having the good moorings to the slab severed, necessitating the presence of an extra man to fill out the contest.

Oberlin has tried often enough and faithfully enough to deserve a trial.

If the reports from the Jeffries training camp are true, that gambling apparatus has been installed for the purpose of getting a play of the visitors, it is to be hoped that the California authorities will go the limit in order to break up such a contemptible piece of business. The boxing scene is having troubles enough, and to have it labor under the additional stigma of a gambling racket is a disgrace. The idea of a gambling racket is more than that should be. Whether or not the cheap gambling appliances were of any great moral injury to the men who visit Jeffries' quarters does not concern the public. The point is that the people with the best interests of a many sport at heart have been trying to keep it clean and respectable, and the reduction of such a conspicuous event as Jeffries' preparation for an historic contest to the level of a chicken fight at a shady roadside is little less than a crime, and the more of a red-blooded sportsman the California authorities of that county is, the more he will take steps to see that the evil is eradicated.

Wonder who is standing in on the deal?

Before Jeffries enters the ring with Johnson there is every probability that a rumormongering scandal will be evolved. Everybody connected with the Jeffries camp seems to have reached the conclusion that the fight is the opportunity of his individual life to get a piece of money by some shrewd scheme. Such a conclusion is conspicuously to the front in the minds of the men who are connected with the fight, and that is a disheartening thing. It is bound to cause a loss of interest in taking photographs, and of dealing out the news from headquarters, and an indication of a large possession on his part of that human attribute known as "honesty" is a thing that is not to be expected. A ten-year-old child might have known that the newspapers would have gotten their information regarding the fight, and that anything of a sort of force would have been disregarded, for the very good reason that his utterances would probably have been absolutely unreliable.

It's a wonder Jimmy Callahan does not put Jeffries, wise to the exhibition he is making of himself.

The New York Telegraph, which of all the publications in the country could not be accused of attacking the fighting game, has come out in the open with stories denouncing the conduct of affairs at Ben Lomond. It has much influence with the public, and whether Jeffries wins or loses he will find it does not mend affairs around his camp. The ambition of his life has failed. Instead of getting a heroic national figure, as did several men of the early days of the English ring, he will find his social status the community that of the cheap bruisers whose appearance in the ring was more the excuse for stinging the public with pious denunciations than for any other purpose. It is presumed that Jeffries has received enough public adulation to bring his mind to that state where, despite any inherent qualities to the contrary, he has acquired a yearning for public praise and sympathy above all other things. If he has not he is the most remarkably dense man of prominence on record. Therefore, we have hopes that he will wake up.

HARVARD TO KEEP COACH HAUGHTON

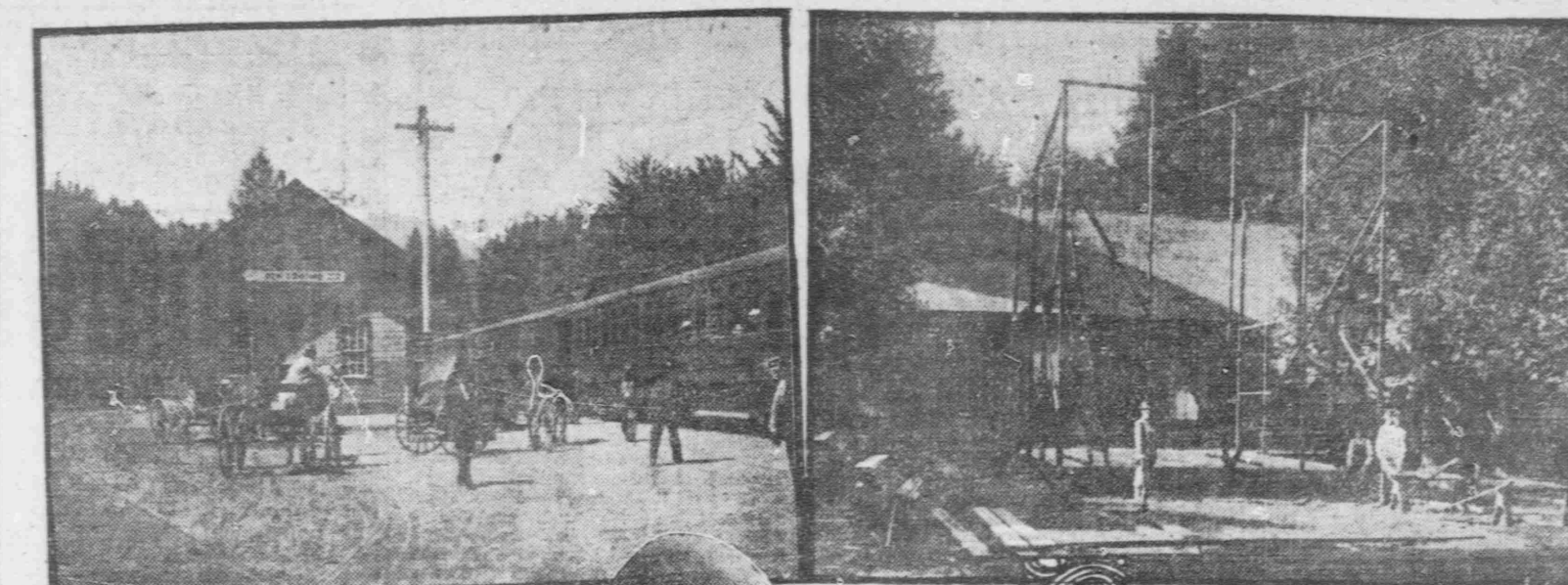
CAMBRIDGE, Mass., April 11.—What many graduates regard as a bull movement in Harvard's football prospects began today, when the appointment of Percy D. Haughton, '99, as football coach for the next three years, was announced by the graduate committee on football. Haughton has coached the team for the last two years, winning one and losing the other of the games with Yale in that period.

THE CURES OF RHEUMATISM

The cause of Rheumatism is an excess of uric acid in the blood. This uric acid impurity gets into the circulation by absorption, usually because of constipation, weak kidneys, and other systemic irregularities. Then the blood becomes weak and sour and irritating urate particles are formed in this vital fluid. When in this impure condition the blood can not furnish the necessary amount of nourishment to the different muscles, tendons, nerves and ligaments of the body. Instead it constantly seeps them in the briny acid matter, and the gritty, urate particles collect in the joints, which causes the pains, aches and soreness of Rheumatism. Liniments, plasters, etc. may relieve the acute pain of an attack of Rheumatism, but such treatment does not reach the blood and therefore can have no permanent good effect. There is but one way to cure Rheumatism and that is to purify the blood of the acid poison. S. S. S. goes into the circulation and attacks the disease at its head. It removes the cause for the reason that it is the greatest of all blood purifiers. It filters out every trace of the sour, inflammatory matter, cools the acid heated circulation, adds richness and nourishment to the blood and permanently cures Rheumatism. S. S. S. does not patch up, it cures permanently. S. S. S. is especially valuable as a remedy for Rheumatism because it does not contain a particle of harmful mineral in any form. Book on Rheumatism sent free to all who write.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

SCENES AT ROWARDENNAN, JEFF'S TRAINING CAMP



Ben Lomond Station, Where You Disembark for the Training Quarters.

CAN TOURING CAR MAKE SIXTY MILES?

That Is, in One Hour, With 50-Horsepower and Full Equipment.

By HARRY WARD.

"Can any touring car on the market today, rated at 50-horsepower or less, make a mile a minute under ordinary touring conditions and carrying four passengers?"

That is the rather pertinent question to be decided at the national championship track races on the Indianapolis motor speedway, May 30, under the sanction and direction of the contest board of the American Automobile Association.

You have often heard motorists say: "While we were running along at the rate of about sixty or sixty-five miles an hour," and then without so much as giving you time to absorb a slight portion of the meaning of such a bold assertion, they would race right along with a hair-raising automobile yarn which would fairly hold you glued to attention.

Last winter when the directors of the three A's gathered for a quarterly meeting the discussion of championship racing came up, and the happy suggestion was made to hold one event in the series for fully equipped touring cars, carrying four passengers. Such a race has never been held, but several of the directors have often expressed the opinion that there was not a touring car built which would travel sixty miles an hour on a perfectly level road under average touring conditions, and carry four passengers and regular equipment.

John A. Wilson, of Franklin, Pa., one of the directors who has for years been scheduled for an exceptionally fast touring car, geared to two and one-half to one, said he was not sure that a 50-horsepower touring car could make a mile a minute under touring conditions, he was willing to bet a trophy for a race. He was taken at his word, and event 14, the last event of the championship races at Indianapolis on Decoration Day, has been scheduled for the Wilson trophy.

The test will be interesting, not only on account of the extreme novelty of witnessing touring cars racing with a full complement of passengers, sitting upright and regular equipment, but also because of the fact that this event should effectively block a large quantity of wild claims which have been seen the very same among some motorists.

"I believe the future is absolutely assured for most of the standard makes of automobiles, because the motor car, more than anything else, has been the greatest advancement in transportation more than a century," recently declared Hugh Chalmers, president of the Chalmers Motor Company. "Then again," he continued, "the motor car is replacing the only thing that has been the same throughout centuries of civilization, and that is the horse. The horse is as slow as the horse has been with us. That being the case, none of us need fear much about the future of the business during our lives."

The Roman Automobile Company has sold and shipped the first automobile that has ever been seen in San Domingo. The purchase of this car compels the buyer to carry gasoline and oil into that part of the world, as there is neither to be had there.

The rumor generally circulated last week that the Winton Motor Carriage Company had been sold to the United States Motor Company, is officially denied by Alexander Winton, president of the Winton Company.

The fine weather yesterday brought out the motorists in droves and there was a constant procession of cars on all the roads leading out of the city. The tour brought back the good news that the roads are generally in good condition, the few bad spots being gradually ground down to smoothness.

Charles F. Miller, accompanied by Mrs. Miller and Mrs. Manning, made a trip into Maryland yesterday in a Ford touring car. Rockville, Washington Grove, Edgewood, Elkton City and Elkridge were among the places visited. Mr. Miller found the roads in excellent condition.



J. J. GLEASON, Promoters of World's Championship Fight.

SHEPPARD TO QUIT NATIONAL GUARD CARTER HANDICAP BETTING BEGINS

Runner Claims Militia Officials Are Pounding Him. Spike Stories Disagree.

NEW YORK, April 11.—Melvin Shepard, who got into hot water again at the military athletic championships in the Twenty-third Regiment Armory on Saturday evening, now says he is out of the National Guard and that he never will be seen in military competition again. He said:

"I am out of the National Guard for good. I have not yet served my time in the service, but the State cannot hold me for a year, as I have a Government position. The military authorities have it in for me and I am not going to stand there, pouting any longer."

Shepard said he did not wear spiked shoes on Saturday night. He admits that he had intended wearing the "concealed spikes" he has been using in previous armory meetings, but that he changed his mind before the games and appeared on the floor in ordinary rubber-soled shoes. The officials, however, say Shepard wore spikes.

The outcome of the affair still hangs in the balance. An officer in the Twenty-second Regiment A. A. yesterday said the organization would not withdraw from the league. All the men who had entered the meet and after Shepard's disqualification would not compete, laid themselves open to suspension. Some interesting developments are expected at the meeting of the M. A. Club, which probably will be held this week.

GARGAN, OF FORDHAM, SIGNS WITH UTICA

UTICA, N. Y., April 11.—First Base-man Gargan, of Fordham eleven, has been signed to play first base for the Utica New York State League club. He will replace Pat Carney, the big fellow of last year's team, who is pursuing his studies at Holy Cross, and will not report to Manager Dooley until June.

WATCH THIS GAME

The Southern Railway baseball team will play the Seewards Pumping Station team at Capital City League Park next Wednesday at 5:30 p. m.

WINDWARD ALMOST READY TO LEAVE

NEWPORT, R. I., April 11.—The finishing touches are today being added to Alexander S. Cochran's new ocean-going sailing yacht, the Windward, the first big racer built in America in a number of years. The Windward is due to sail late this week for Southampton, England, where she is entered in a number of important races to be held in European waters this year, her most important brush to be one with Kaiser Wilhelm's Meteor.

MAKING A MAN LOOK HIS BEST IS OUR BUSINESS

No man looks his best in anything less than Made-to-Order Clothes, and No Made-to-Order Clothes in Washington meet the exactions of correct tailoring as well as ours at the prices we charge.

Men who appreciate all the little details which make perfection in fit, finish, and adaptability to the figure value our tailoring. The correct measure, the try-on, the building up of parts here and there, and the softening down of defects—these are what give distinction to our garments and make them the best built clothes in Washington.

A Special Line of Suitings to order for \$18 I. HAAS & CO. Tailors 1211 Pennsylvania Ave.

Building Handball Court for the Californian.

TROUBLE BREWING IN JEFFRIES CAMP

Berger Reported to Be Losing Control as Jim Corbett Comes Nearer.

BEN LOMOND, Cal., April 11.—Things are not running as smoothly at the Jeffries training camp as the various masters of ceremonies around the place would lead the fans to believe.

There's trouble brewing, and it is likely to break out almost any minute now. The green-eyed monster of jealousy is on the job and he promises to prove a big factor before many days roll by.

Sam Berger, the supposed manager of the big fellow, sent in a hurry-up call for old Joe Choynski yesterday. This looks like an ordinary move on paper, but away down deep it means a whole lot. Berger fears that he will blow his big fight with Corbett, and he is trying to get the game by getting Choynski to work with the big fellow, and then hanging out the "full house" sign when Corbett gets ready to report on the job.

Berger Losing Control.

Corbett is wanted by Jeffries and wanted badly. Jeffries on "Gentleman Jim" more than he is on any other fighter. It was Corbett's original intention to report at the Jeffries camp about June 1, but somebody put a bee in his bonnet and he decided to make it a month earlier. Berger's hands went skyward when he learned this, so he wired Choynski.

Jeffries is about a hundred per cent meaner and more ugly right now than he ever was. He was too sore to box today, and refused to see Jack Johnson's old ring. He did some road work and handball work, however.

It is apparent that Berger is fast losing any grin which he used to have on the big fellow, so he is frantically striving to get himself in by stalling Corbett and slipping the job to Choynski.

Sore and Ugly.

The latter is a relative of Berger's by marriage, so the combination will work out very nicely, provided it goes through before the big fellow gets Jerry to it. But if he fails, then there will be trouble at Rowardennan.

The stiffness which Jeff has complained of during the past three days is beginning to warm his trainers and handlers. He had a tough time loosening up his old shoulder muscles when he came out of the hospital, and he did not try to hide his discomfort. This is unquestionably the result of excess sweating. Those two-hour sessions in the handball court have had the effect of causing the perspiration to be absorbed into the boilerworks pores, and when he does rest he gets up feeling stiff and sore, all of which adds to his natural grouches.

Money Madness.

Then there is another scandal on tap. The hotel management is holding up all the city sports at the rate of \$5 a day for \$2 accommodations, and the Jeffries management is planning to tax every body who cares to see the big fellow go through his sports. They are sitting ready to open the miniature Monte Carlo tomorrow.

The earth boys are already on the job with the squeeze wheel, the nuts, and the fake dice.

A long wall is expected to arise from the peaceful Santa Cruz mountains tomorrow in the event the Monte Carlo does a good business and trims a few of the live ones who are expected to make the trip to the camp.

ORDER YOUR SUIT NOW

No charge if we fail to give complete satisfaction.

Get your order in before the REAL spring rush—about to begin in earnest. The pace for us has been fast, but in a week's time we will be working our big tailoring force night and day to keep up to the demand.

We have left every competitor in the "also ran" class—a fact which the men of Washington have been quick to realize. And no wonder—Over 100 Different Weaves to Choose From at This Price Alone

"My Story of My Life"

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By Jim Jeffries

SYNOPSIS.

Jeffries declares he is an American through and through, of Scandinavian or Norse Viking stock, and relates some of the fighting done by the Jeffries family before his time.

Tells of early experiences at his birthplace, Carroll, Ohio. Champion says his love of hunting was born during his childhood days. Narrates details of his first deer hunt. Learned some fighting at school.

Had narrow escape with negro fellow-workman. Explains the mystery of his great reserve strength. Recalls an exciting adventure in the hills. Says he happened to become a professional boxer and advises hard work for exponents of the art. Loss of boxing made him forsake his trade.

Says chance of a lifetime came to him when he was asked and accepted a berth as training partner to Jim Corbett. Relates experiences of training spell with Corbett.

Says Corbett won the championship. Tells of beginning of his climb to the world title.

CHAPTER XXIII. I Knocked Out the Famous Peter Jackson.

It was on March 22, 1898, that I fought Peter Jackson and knocked him out in three rounds. Whenever I think of this fight I have to laugh.

Before it came off all the newspaper writers referred to Jackson as "the great Peter Jackson." Afterward everybody wrote "Poor old Peter." Today, twelve years after the fight, I happened to pick up a paper whose sporting editor doesn't like the way I comb my hair. There was a paragraph about my old "Peter Jackson." He grabbed that match with Jackson because I was a "good black fighter," he writes.

"One of the first lemons he picked was 'Poor old Peter Jackson.' He grabbed that match with Jackson because I was a 'good black fighter,' he writes."

The thing that makes me laugh is an old clipping that I pasted on the wall in my training quarters while getting ready for the fight. It may be sticking there yet. To the best of my recollection it read:

"The great Peter Jackson, undefeated champion of England and Australia, has designs on Bob Fitzsimmons' title. He will polish off two or three minor heavyweights before going after the world's championship."

I was one of the "two or three minor heavyweights" to be "polished off."

Now, I didn't pick Peter Jackson. I was ready to fight anybody. Jackson came back from England, where he had beaten everybody for several years. He was a mighty popular fighter in California because of his six-foot round draw with Jim Corbett seven years before. In fact he was popular all over the country because he was a good square man in the ring and out.

I've often heard men say, "Well, Peter was a good fighter, but he was a little bit of a coward. And there was no doubt that he could fight John L. Sullivan wouldn't he meet him although he was a coward?"

When Peter arrived in San Francisco everyone wanted to see him fight. I knew he had been doing some training and looked fine. As I had cleaned up all the other heavyweights who might have had a crack at him, I was asked if I'd fight Jackson. Billy didn't even stop to see me. He took the match when I knew better than any time when I fought Van Buskirk.

I went to work as usual and did a lot of running and some boxing. I knew he had been doing some training and looked fine. As I had cleaned up all the other heavyweights who might have had a crack at him, I was asked if I'd fight Jackson. Billy didn't even stop to see me. He took the match when I knew better than any time when I fought Van Buskirk.

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to his knees, yet he wasn't at all awkward like most negroes. His muscles lay smoothly instead of bunching anywhere, and he didn't have any fat to spare. I could see at a glance that he had trained hard. He weighed 200 pounds, and the club physicians had pronounced him in perfect physical shape.

Billy Delaney and Spider Kelly were in my corner. They were the best seconds in the business. They knew enough to keep still when a man was fighting and didn't need advice. Young Mitchell and Patsy Corrigan were behind Jackson.

Peter stood looking across the ring at me with a smile—and then the bell rang.

We started lightly, feinting each other out. I was crouching a little, and held my left well extended. I began jabbing with the left and Peter ducked easily. The crowd laughed. But after a few seconds I came to a right on using the left until we kept together, when I ripped in a right for the body. Jackson jabbed me on the mouth several times. Then I began walking in toward him slowly, reaching for his chin. A couple of pretty hard punches failed to strike him up, and I shifted down to the stomach. He grunted a little as that landed, but he kept on boxing in a nice easy manner like a man who has something up his sleeve.

In the first few seconds I had learned two things: Jackson's punches weren't as damaging as I had expected, and I could hit him in spite of his cleverness. I was sure I could beat any man I could hit.

In the second round I started with a rush. I was sure I could beat any man I could hit. I was sure I could beat any man I could hit.

In the third round I started with a rush. I was sure I could beat any man I could hit. I was sure I could beat any man I could hit.

In the fourth round I started with a rush. I was sure I could beat any man I could hit. I was sure I could beat any man I could hit.

In the fifth round I started with a rush. I was sure I could beat any man I could hit. I was sure I could beat any man I could hit.

In the sixth round I started with a rush. I was sure I could beat any man I could hit. I was sure I could beat any man I could hit.

In the seventh round I started with a rush. I was sure I could beat any man I could hit. I was sure I could beat any man I could hit.

In the eighth round I started with a rush. I was sure I could beat any man I could hit. I was sure I could beat any man I could hit.

In the ninth round I started with a rush. I was sure I could beat any man I could hit. I was sure I could beat any man I could hit.

In the tenth round I started with a rush. I was sure I could beat any man I could hit. I was sure I could beat any man I could hit.

In the eleventh round I started with a rush. I was sure I could beat any man I could hit. I was sure I could beat any man I could hit.

In the twelfth round I started with a rush. I was sure I could beat any man I could hit. I was sure I could beat any man I could hit.

In the thirteenth round I started with a rush. I was sure I could beat any man I could hit. I was sure I could beat any man I could hit.

In the fourteenth round I started with a rush. I was sure I could beat any man I could hit. I was sure I could beat any man I could hit.

In the fifteenth round I started with a rush. I was sure I could beat any man I could hit. I was sure I could beat any man I could hit.

In the sixteenth round I started with a rush. I was sure I could beat any man I could hit. I was sure I could beat any man I could hit.

In the seventeenth round I started with a rush. I was sure I could beat any man I could hit. I was sure I could beat any man I could hit.

In the eighteenth round I started with a rush. I was sure I could beat any man I could hit. I was sure I could beat any man I could hit.

In the nineteenth round I started with a rush. I was sure I could beat any man I could hit. I was sure I could beat any man I could hit.

In the twentieth round I started with a rush. I was sure I could beat any man I could hit. I was sure I could beat any man I could hit.

In the twenty-first round I started with a rush. I was sure I could beat any man I could hit. I was sure I could beat any man I could hit.

In the twenty-second round I started with a rush. I was sure I could beat any man I could hit. I was sure I could beat any man I could hit.

In the twenty-third round I started with a rush. I was sure I could beat any man I could hit. I was sure I could beat any man I could hit.

In the twenty-fourth round I started with a rush. I was sure I could beat any man I could hit. I was sure I could beat any man I could hit.

In the twenty-fifth round I started with a rush. I was sure I could beat any man I could hit. I was sure I could beat any man I could hit.

In the twenty-sixth round I started with a rush. I was sure I could beat any man I could hit. I was sure I could beat any man I could hit.

In the twenty-seventh round I started with a rush. I was sure I could beat any man I could hit. I was sure I could beat any man I could hit.